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20
IN MEMORIAM.

GEN. U. S. GRANT.

BY

MRS. AZALIA E. OSGOOD.

ERRATA.

- Page 9, line 1, *no* should be omitted.
- “ 9, “ 25, *implse* should read *impulse*.
- “ 11, “ 4, should read upon *the* valiant.
- “ 13, “ 17, *tiding* should read *tidings*.
- “ 15, “ 3, *to* should read *unto*.
- “ 17, “ 17, *assign* should read *assigns*.
- “ 35, “ 14, *him* should read *Grant*.
- “ 36, “ 8, *scrol* should read *scroll*.
- “ 39, “ 21, *sremed* should read *seems*.
- “ 39, “ 23, *explicit* should read *implicit*.
- “ 40, “ 2, *a* should read *on*.
- “ 40, “ 17, *lighning* should read *lightning*.
- “ 40, “ 21, should read *which waxelh like unto*.

CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

- Page 9, line 1, should read
Now paid his last respects nor could do more,
- Page 9, line 25, should read
With sudden impulse to partake it more,
- Page 11, line 4, should read
For charge is made upon the valiant row
- Page 13, line 17, should read
While all our land with joyous tidings teems
- Canto II., line 6, should read
Is by the force of circumstance affected ;
- Page 15, line 3, should read
Like merest drudge he turns unto wood-hauling,
- Page 17, line 3, should read
Wait no instructions from the better versed,
- Page 17, line 17, should read
To gallant soldier he assigns command
- Canto IV., line 13, should read
And drowsy conscience,—so great was their number,
- Canto V., line 1, should read
The scroll seems welked to a battered chart
- Canto V., line 12, should read
The shaft of critic may ne'er disarm ;
- Page 35, line 14, should read
By lifting Grant to station high.
- Canto VIII., line 8, should read
(Athwart the lightened scroll,)
- Canto IX., line 21, should read
At juncture when to fail seems greivous wrong,
- Canto IX., line 23, should read
Thus proving strength of their implicit trust ;
- Page 40, line 2, should read
'Tis done! Each failure causeth new resolve
- Page 40, line 17, should read
In twain by lightning of Atlanta's fray.
- Page 40, line 21, should read
Which waxeth like unto a sheet of flame
- Page 40, line 23, should read
Lo!—In chimeric fashion it doth fade
- Page 53, line 25, should read
Do thus renew their elsewhere flagging power
- Page 53, line 27, should read
Doth quaintly span the zenith,—is inscribed







U. A. Grant



Agalia E. Osgood

IN MEMORIAM.

GEN. U. S. GRANT.

BY

MRS. AZALIA E. OSGOOD.



PORTLAND, OREGON:
PRESS OF GEO. H. HIMES, 169-171 SECOND ST
—
1886.

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O



INTRODUCTION.

Not "mightier than the sword" which once refused,
Yet found its way unto the Nation's heart,
And proved itself to be so wisely used
That it became, in time, a vital part

Of earth's vast magnet—is this trembling "pen";
Nay, nor so mighty will it e'er become.
A little while 't will struggle on, and then
Its trace of utmost effort will succumb

To learn-ed phrase of sage philosophy,
Which hath so little part in woman's life,
That all her paths seem blocked by sophistry,
Her every action with emotion rife.

Yet, 't is with all a woman's yearning trust,
I proffer what my woman's heart impelled,
Till, forth from desert waste of mortal dust,
A spring of "*sentiment*" hath purely welled.

O, may its "little drops" swell crystal fount,
So swiftly forming in the Nation's soul;
Its gathered gems add lustre to amount,
That rears a monument from *perfect goal*.

AZALIA E. OSGOOD.

ASTORIA, OREGON, Feb. 1, 1886.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Born April 27, 1822.

Died July 23, 1885.

Lo ! all the world is in mourning to-day;
Nature herself seemeth sad-faced and tender;
Even the song-bird has silenced its lay,
As if, by instinct, mute tribute to render.

No one will wonder that silence doth reign;
No one will ask that the hush shall be broken;
Each heart accepteth its portion of pain;
Sorrow so vast hath no need to be spoken.

From the deep soul of the Nation evolves
Grief so profound, so unique, so o'erpowering,
'Round which the world's "common sorrow" revolves,
E'en till "the birds of the air" nestle cowering.

Flags at half-mast on the land and the sea;
City and hamlet and broad-breasted ocean,
Family circles in homes of the free,
With one accord now evince their devotion

To the brave Hero just passed to his rest.
Dead unto men, yet supremely immortal;
Name, deeds, and birth-place, futurity-blest,
From History's page unto Heaven's own portal.

For as time winnows with mellowing hand,
Hearts will yield even more tender emotion
Unto the valor-fraught deeds of the land;
Unto the winner of highest promotion.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Unto the victor, the hero, the man;
Unto the cause he so nobly defended;
Lending such marvelous zeal to the van,
That, like a shock, through the ranks it extended.

Words are as naught of his courage to tell;
Grant, "the exalted"—still much more remaineth—
Warrior and chieftain?—peacemaker as well;
He who but now crowning victory gaineth.

Strains that are martial, soul-stirring, sublime;
Music that e'er will in memory linger;
Notes that will echo full solemn with time;
Chords that bear touching with reverent finger:

These are the sounds which should fall on the ear,
Thrilling with awe while in harmony blending—
With sighing sob, nay, with each manly tear—
As the vast concourse of people is wending,

With muffled tread to the beat of the drum,
On toward the spot which all men will remember,
There the soul's temple to sadly succumb,
There the remains of the great to surrender.

Thence to turn homeward with pondering mind,
Dwelling in awe o'er omnipotent wonders;
Seeking the key which none ever may find,
Till cleaving soul from its mortal clay sunders.

Ah, let us hope that as many may meet
'Round "the white throne"—Patriarchal and vernal—
As have strewn roses beneath the tired feet
Of the world-hero where rest is eternal.

VISION ON THE MOUNT.

CANTO I.

Like swarthy statue wrought of tawny bronze,
He stood in dark attire upon the mount;
A human form, with bowed uncovered head,
From which flowed backward waves of raven hair.
His attitude was that of rapt despair.
He mourned the loss of noble friend late dead,
Nor lifted piercing eyes, as fain to count
The spangled stars which queenly evening dons;
Nor queried if the vast array comprised
A gleam that made the pulse of Heaven quicken,
Like meteor that hath lately been baptized
In lurid furnace where death-shadows thicken.

He deemed he shared the multitude's deep grief—
Save that more poignant had his own become,
Since isolated through indulged desire—
To stand alone on Mt. McGregor's brow,
And dwell in thought on suff'ring over now,
Which had been bathed in Heroism's fire,
In that its victim bore in anguish dumb
The wage of war, till death had brought relief;
Nor turned his gaze rebelliously to-ward
The elements along the line extending,
But strove for human and divine accord
When he foresaw the weary struggle ending.

'T were this thought, chiefly, which had held firm place
In mind of this lone mortal when he came,
By night, to pay a lingering farewell
To hallowed spot, where interchange were made
Of weakened force, and *glory* ne'er to fade;
Where soul were 'wakened by shrill trumpet knell,
To sense of bliss, and to far greater fame
Than any won in life's prodigious race.

With but to draw exhilarating breath,
And in bright lieu of deadly sabres gleaming,
Forevermore dispelled the thought of death,
By guidons of the saintly hosts outstreaming.

He wist not as in solitude he stood,
Of aspect grave and venerative mood,
That ere another hour should have been told
A strange event into his life would come,
Most mighty in its comprehensive sum;—
That like a map of wonder would unfold
The substance for mature reflection's food,
Which all men would, in time, acknowledge good,
And visit on his modest head unsought,
A shower of timely plaudits, reinstating
What, through clear lens, to vital life were brought,
When in the world's great mart 't were fast abating.

He did not ken that aught was now in store,
Save a depressed, unbroken train of thought,
From which, when rallied, he, with solemn stride,
Would take his place among the horde of men
He counted friends—return to duty, when
Sweet satisfaction would, perchance, abide
Within his breast, since he had, as he ought,

Now paid his last respects, nor could do no more.

E'en though the promptings of a loyal heart
Would bid him rank himself continuous debtor,
He yet believed that he had done his part,
And hoped, through buried grief, to be made better.

While thus he stood in meditation deep,

Lo! there appeared within his downcast view,
A weird, attractive, and peculiar light,
Whose semblance he could liken unto naught
Save to a glowing camp-fire which had caught
The silver reflex of approaching night,

When crescent moon presides and stars are few;
When Nature floods the earth with one vast sweep
Of tintless glory, ere she landscape flanks
With blentings which no human eye may measure,
Nor waits the coming of a vote of thanks,
Ere yielding up to night her short-lived treasure.

'T were of a truth such light as ne'er before

His mortal vision keen had feasted on,
And yet for him no terrors it possessed,
For, like a magic beacon, did it seem,
An unlooked-for, but more than welcome beam,
Which all his soul with valor did invest,
And prompted *introspection*, till anon,
With sudden impulse to partake it more,
He stepped within its close converging lines
And sat him down amid Etruscan billows
Whose flaming pile, fantastic garland twines
Around the massive jet black head its pillows.

And now those searching eyes are gently raised,
As if the *boon of benediction* brought
Sweet reassurance and still sweeter hope
Of some glad wonder soon to be revealed [healed
Through which deep wound of sorrow may be
And swathed, betimes, in Balm of Gilead cope,
Till such complete diversion hath been wrought
That all the ways of wisdom shall be praised
When—banished every gloomy thought of death,
Which, lost to view behind recorded glory—
The mind at pace with swift, enraptured breath,
Must concentrate its force upon the story.

'T were come ! Already magic scroll of light
Is half unfurled before his yearning view,
And scenic outlines swiftly taking shape,
Which promise give of thrilling acts in store,
Of which he hath not seen the like before ;
But which cognizance yet do not escape
For full accounts in books to life quite true
He hath perused with vivid mental sight,
Since later dramas brought into relief,
The wondrous valor of strategic actor
In life's great conflict, till a *patriot chief*,
He rightly ranked the Nation's own prime factor.

The figures Eighteen Forty-Seven flash
With iridescent sparkle, while beneath,
In ruby flame, September Eighth appears
On the expansive and illumined scroll,
Which still before his vision doth unroll,
Till presently he din of battle hears
And likewise notes an aureolus wreath

In contrast to the smoke which follows crash
Of firearms, as, advancing on the foe,
The battle of Molino del Rey rages—
For charge is made upon valiant row
As fierce as e'er were told on History's pages.

And foremost 'mid that storm of iron hail
One form advances with undaunted will,
With eye whose gleam betrays intrepid light
And features blanched through other cause than fear
His deeds inspire his followers with cheer
While on they press into the thick of fight,
Despite the volley from the rugged hill;
Still on, till breastworks prove of small avail—
A Hero, yet a stranger unto men,
Save to the few who view with admiration
His tranquil mien and noble bearing, when
Their words of praise bring joy, but not elation.

'T were past. The smoke of battle now doth roll
Far upward till no vestige there remains,
And from the scene of action have withdrawn
The hosts which did in deadly combat meet;
But, soon again, the drum doth loudly beat!
Nay, scarcely is the date of battle gone,
Ere warfare all its certainty regains.
For now, upon the panoramic scroll,
The name Chapultepec, 'mid salient fire,
Leaps into view, ablaze with pendant jewels,
Like constellation decking ardent lyre
With breath Æolian, choked by scorching fuels.

And now, again, the Hero leads the way
In stolid march unto the castle walls,
As if unconscious of his whereabouts,
Or, that his deeds than others are more brave.
But takes the part of battle's humblest slave,
While charging on the enemy's redoubt;
Nor heeds the import of the whizzing balls
Which, every moment, noble comrades slay,
Till it would seem his turn of need were next,
Yet does not fail betimes his troops to rally,
Who fight till flees the enemy perplexed,
When welkin echoes storm the woody valley.

'T is done! Again the smoke has cleared away,
Yet not for long—soon follow shifting scenes,
In each of which the Hero holds his own—
For noble daring and for brave command,
For clear, calm head, and for unswerving hand,
For self-reliance firm as e'er were shown,
And for obedience to the will that means
Through his performance, in each fresh affray,
To add another to the victories won,
And lessen bloodshed through swift termination
Of confidence, till every foeman's gun
Shall tremble with the force of consternation.

Scene follows scene in quick succession now,
And ever bright upon the magic scroll,
The name Ulysses hath a look sublime—
Fringed with broad halo of a changeful hue.
Like morning sun infused with morning dew,
And breathed upon by grand Homeric rhyme,

A name that swells the list on Honor's roll,
Like brilliant token of recorded vow,
Till Mexico forgets to longer boast,
But hushed by all the powers of trepidation,
Allows the Stars and Stripes to drink a toast
O'er head bowed low in deep humiliation.

The last grand scene of foreign series fades,
Till scarcely naught is left upon the scroll,
Save porcelain bumpers, which were late supplied
With nectar, rich as Cleopatra's wine,
In which full lustre of the pearl did shine;
A draught reflecting wisdom's star to guide.
The lion-hearted, e'en from pole to pole,
In hours of peril, through the deepest shades,
But whose sole mission for the present seems
The ensign of the brave to be immersing,
While all our land with joyous tidings teems
Of ended war and regiments dispersing.

Thus closeth first degree of mental view;
Our glorious banner, faded though it be,
Hath left its imprint on the wondrous scroll,
As ever proudly waving, to and fro,
It came in contact with the fiery glow—
Which sipped the moisture late from flowing bowl,
That had imbued the flag renownedly free,
With triumph's nectar clear as crystal dew,
Till standard rose against the blanking space,
On background where resplendent tints were vieing,
Peace is the welcome word his dark eyes trace
'Neath Victory's steadfast signal calmly flying.

CANTO II.

Ere long the scroll assumes a steady brightness,
As pledge of peace enshrined in radiant whiteness,
Where dove of snowy plumage lightly flutters,
Nor dreameth that a distant war-cloud mutters.

The Hero by the world unreclected,
Is, by force of circumstance, affected;
And now behold him at his post of duty,
Despite the claims of wifely love and beauty.

New scenes! In Golden land awhile he tarries,
Then to remote frontier his sword he carries,
In meek submission to his avocation,
And to the will commanding change of station.

Behold, a conflict in his breast now rages
Which every faculty of mind engages;
Shall he resign his soldierly position,
Or leave a wife in widow-like condition?

'Tis o'er—his resignation he hath tendered,
His young ambition quietly surrendered;
And now upon a farm behold him settled,
With self so curbed that none would deem him mettled.

But yet, withal, to prosper he is eager,
And as his income from the farm is meagre,
Like merest drudge, he turns to wood-hanling,
Nor murmurs once that he has missed his calling.

But, though the scroll, like a translucent curtain,
Appears to make his checkered fate uncertain;
Yet, glimpses of the inner man reflecteth
A light which past and future scenes connecteth.

As flash of lightning in the cloudless heavens,
Doth bring to mind the power above that leavens—
Those glimpses now suggest a silent wafter
Of mighty changes soon to follow after.

Yet, all unflecked, the scene that next appeareth,
With courage which the bond of duty cheereth,
The Hero, loving still the starry banner,
Doth rank among his fellow-men, *a tanner*.

The scene upon the scroll is swiftly flading,
While thunder-clouds the air are fast pervading;
Now, warlike symbols, whose dread name is legion—
Lo! white-winged *Peace* hath flown to other region.

CANTO III.

A crimson tide is surging o'er the scroll
With marked significance;—anon is formed
The opening scene in Belmont's bloody fray,
Soon deadly missile mounted steed doth slay.
On foot the Hero leads till camp is stormed,
Nor pauses, save his brave troops to extol;
While the opponents flee in wild dismay.
When final scene he views with aspect calm,
Till smouldering heap late tents and baggage lay,
Fired by the torch which served as victor's palm.

An intervening space, and now the scene
Is one of wild confusion; and the name—
Fort Donelson—gleams far above the place
Where pallid men are running Terror's race;
Each for himself, forgetful now of fame—
For love of life doth love of country wean—
While Duty's bond a fragile myth becomes
In scores of minds that hitherto saw not,
With naked vision, war which sense benumbs;
Hence, 'reft of courage, field and road they dot,

Like flocks of blue-jays startled at sunrise,
By sharp reports, to find their numbers less;
To witness in their very midst grim Death
And blood-shed wrought as 't were by lightning's
breath; .

Too scared to soar, nor instinct may repress;
As fledglings, taken thus by harsh surprise,
 Wait no instruction from the better versed,
Swift panting breasts, denoting fear profound,
 In anxious flight, each striving to be first—
None can do more than lightly skim the ground.

On to the rescue !—Hero now doth speed,
Nor deigns to rally panic-stricken men,
 But turns he calmly toward the noble braves,
 Who will, if need be, sleep in soldier graves;
Nor hesitate a single instant, when
His practiced eye do covereth their need,
 And his firm tone commandeth, once for all,
That fierce assault be made without delay,
 Which shall appearance of defeat recall,
And with God's help, insure victorious day.

To gallant soldier he assign command
Of two brigades, which take the double-quick,
 And hurry forward, eager for the fray ;
 While he to dauntless warrior speeds away,
And bids him three brave regiments to pick,
And for the onset hold them well in hand.
 'T is done ! The mighty column now is formed !
Their fearless leader hastens to the front,
 And with that zeal which every heart hath warmed,
Lifts cap upon his sword, and takes the brunt

Of warfare in the undismayed advance
Of towering column, surging up the heights,
 Unto the bulwarks, whence wide ridge of fire
 Might well suggest a kindled funeral pyre;

Yet which, withal, no whit their courage blights.
Its heated breath seems valor to enhance—

Rent ranks are closed, unmindful of the dead;
The wounded moan in agony unheard;
Blood-boltered path they resolutely tread—
Each heaving breast with fatal ire is stirred—

As on they rush, despite the rough ascent,
Thick strewn with havoc, clogging toilsome way,
Through oozing and coagulating gore,
Of those whose fate it were to march before,
And form the carnage in that brave array ;
On—to avenge the sturdy life-blood spent,
By weapons, in the hands of mortal foe,
Whose ravage numbers full two thousand men :
Stung into fury, upward still they go,
'Mid leaden fire, till summit's raught,—nor ken

How many shall be spared to tell the tale,
Of awful conflict they believe in store,
As every man his musket now doth raise,
And level with unerring aim, one blaze—
As if infernal flood had broken o'er,
And Stygian waters deluged all the vale
For one brief moment. Ha ! they boldly spring
Upon the ramparts, over them !—and now,
The smoky air with their loud shouts doth ring,
As cheer on cheer ascendeth from the brow

Of the intrenchment, which doth overlook
Discomfiture within the Fort below,
Where bleeding hearts are probed unto the core
At sight of Union standard floating o'er

The works they deemed impervious to foe.
They read, as it were written in a book,
The issue of the morrow; and resolve,
'Mid gloaming, to make sure of swift escape—
And to this end they speedily absolve
One and another from command !—Agape

With wonder, flavored well with wrath and scorn,
The doomed subordinates behold them flee;
While bitter rancor rises in each breast,
That *they* are subject still to stern behest—
But those of higher rank themselves may free,
Nor share the fate of prisoners forlorn,
To whom no choice is left except to raise
The flag of truce with morning's rising sun,
Which lowly signal greeting Federal gaze
Will tally to their cause, "*great victory won.*"

The night has fled; the keen and wintry air
Is fraught with particles of glistening frost,
As troops assemble at the roll of drum
To well prepare for the contest to come—
One thought—to take the Fort at any cost—
Each soul inspires with will to do and dare;
Lo, even now, impatiently they wait
The order which shall bid them onward move.
Hist—what doth now their spirits so elate
That cheers burst forth their joyful state to prove?

Ah, 'tis the white flag waving o'er the works
They had but now intended soon to storm;
What wonder, then, that cheers are brought to bear,
E'en though their echoes add to the despair

Of thousands, who within the fort now swarm
Like bees, whose ruler royal guidance shirks :
 In disconcerted clusters they await
Return of messenger but lately sent,
 Whose coming will decide their present fate—
Alas! of hope, more empty than he went.

He comes—and soon doth stoic terms report:
Surrender must be swift and absolute;—
 Thus sayeth one who hath no ear for quirks;
 Who, in brief space, will move upon the works,
If there be further signs of a dispute.
'T were over now—surrendered is the Fort.
 Behold, the light is changing on the scroll—
Like molten gold its surface now appears,
 While topaz gems the name of Grant extol
'Gainst emeralds forming tidal waves of cheers.

CANTO IV.

O'er the bright surface, less dazzling but clearer,
 Flush of the Iris and Passion Flowers play,
Seen on the scroll, as in amethyst mirror,
 Federal army now stretches away,
 Like to broad angle of ocean and bay,
 Federal army now stretches away,
Waiting approach of the troops drawing nearer,
 Which they expect will have joined them to-day,
True to the cause that hath hourly grown dearer,
 Federal army now stretches away.

Deep lettered name like a vision of slumber,
 Fraught with the by-gones of wearisome day,
And drowsy conscience, so great were their number,
 That rest was sought without pausing to pray:
 Even as dreams wield a penitent sway,
 That rest was sought without pausing to pray.
So quiv'ring shadows make tenfold more sombre,
 Name and the import those letters portray,
As sleep with nightmare of grief doth encumber,
 That rest was sought without pausing to pray.

Thus on the scroll e'en as pebbles may ruffle
 Lake of calm beauty and darken fair stream,
Or as black cloud may a pearly sky muffle,
 So doth the fret-work of Shiloh now seem:
 Trembling and poisoning like thoughts in a dream,
 So doth the fret-work of Shiloh now seem.

Changed is the scroll, like to curtain of duffle,
Hidden from view is the amethyst beam,
Misname of rest in continuous shuffle,
So doth the fret-work of Shiloh now seem.

Ah, not for naught is this ill-omened waver,
'Tis the foredoom of artillery's roar;
Like the unheard but perceptible quaver
Of panther growl, for its prey held in store:
Each creeping gloam doth partake more and more
Of panther growl, for its prey held in store.
For on the scroll groweth each moment graver,
Weird gloomy outlines fast tracing it o'er,
With flitting shadows that chillingly savor
Of panther growl, for its prey held in store.

Now, as by shock, that all weak lines adjusteth,
Rigid the scroll doth become, as the crash
Tells how the soldier for soldier blood lusteth,
Whetting the tooth of revenge for deep gash:
Strewn is the scroll with mortality's brash,
Whetting the tooth of revenge for deep gash.
While mangled forms the field's surface encrusteth,
Reeky—nay—red is the bayonet's flash,
Grazing the hand that so ruthlessly thrusteth,
Whetting the tooth of revenge for deep gash.

O! the dread horror, the anguish, the wailing,
Vivid as life fraught with death, on the scroll!
Ears, partly dulled to the fury prevailing,
Listing a call—not the drum's wonted roll:
(Ah, would the cold lap of earth might console,
Listing a call—not the drum's wonted roll.

No pall will cover the features fast paling;
No spoken eulogy brave deeds extol;
Wild is the dirge now those faint ears assailing,
Listing a call—not the drum's wonted roll.

Pale, stern and silent, yet actively eager,
Rideth the Hero 'midst thick of the fight,
While unto others his chances seem meagre,
One motto, *Victory*, ever in sight.
His is a *will* that no weapon may smite,
One motto, *Victory*, ever in sight.
E'en though the enemy's host doth beleaguer,
Turns he full calmly to left and to right;
Prompt are his orders as those of intriguer,
One motto, *Victory*, ever in sight.

True to himself, though, of need, heavy-hearted,
Bides he the coming of adequate aid,
Which at his summons hath speedily started
On a forced march it ere long shall have made,
Filled with a spirit no effort may jade
On a forced march it ere long shall have made.
Swift to the rescue, from rest lately parted,
Strides toward the conflict efficient "brigade"
Army, to succor the well-nigh thwarted,
On a forced march it ere long shall have made.

'Ha, 't is arrived in last hour of depression;
Aye, and the sight doth lend courage and hope;
Changed is the prospect of utter oppression,
Turned is the current of death-laden scope :
Fresh for the onset with foemen to cope,
Turned is the current of death-laden scope.

Firm is the tread of unbroken procession,
 Bearing 'mid war-clouds a semblance of lope
On to regain of encampment possession:
 Turned is the current of death-laden scope.

Noble, indeed, is the service they render;
 Heedless of danger they steadily sweep
Back, ever backward, each foremost offender;
 Purchased with blood is the harvest they reap:
 Valor-won ground they determine to keep,
 Purchased with blood is the harvest they reap.
Force of their effort dread fear doth engender,
 Which in the breast of the foe rankles deep,
Forming the base of full lothful surrender,
 Purchased with blood is the harvest they reap.

Yon, with a mind as heroic as agile,
 Rides now the chieftain as one in the line
That is to charge in support of the fragile,
 Hard-pressed battalion, which else must resign.
 Lo ! how they rally at valorous sign,
 Hard-pressed battalion which else must resign
Portion of ground, which contested by inch, till
 Soldierly spirits were on the decline.
Closing their ranks now they fight with renewed will—
 Hard-pressed battalion which else must resign.

Short is the struggle, for with the assistance
 Brought at this critical moment to bear,
Not for long offer the foemen resistance—
 Flee they like death-wounded lions for lair.
Prone yet as ever to do and to dare,
 Flee they like death-wounded lions for lair.

Not with will broken, but strength of insistence,
Warns them of Federal troops to beware.
Soon on the scroll they are seen in the distance,
Fleeing like death-wounded lions for lair.

CANTO V.

The scroll seems changed to a battered chart
Of the turbid, changeful sea of life,
And ever appeareth, though dimly seen,
A white face, fraught with pain,—between
The cold, dark “deep” and the rough, dry land,
The “will o’ the wisp” and the frail quick-sand;
But the dew of the soul doth amply trace
Those features, pale, with a touch of grace:
Faith’s beam enwreathes—as rare design,
When wrought by master hand supine,
Vests careless pose with saddened charm,
The shaft of criticism may ne’er disarm;—
So chastened will and faith combine,
To add soft glow to each look of pain,
And tendrils of human woe entwine,
Till love, alone, in his heart doth reign,
And he longs for the hour that shall end the strife
In which he hath taken a Patriot’s part;
Nay, he longs for the soothing tones of his wife
In this crucial test of his strong, true heart.

Like a mirage now appears the scroll,
With its two-fold, quaint, reflective light,
And objects, etched with a glint of steel,
The utmost strength of the casts reveal.
Since time with its prurient spur hath urged,
Till forth from the furnace fire emerged,

Stands he of the soul-lit pallid face,
The foremost form in the tragic race.
He had vowed to win, or yield his breath
To fate, *remote from a craven death*,
And the GEMS of his soul through his clear eyes shine
With steadfast, eloquent glow divine;
For his look of pain hath given place
To infinite strength and infinite grace—
Engirt, as it were, by a burnished mold.
Lo! the wondrous loft of his project bold,
As it towers from the urn of his thought's best prime,
And sheds its rays o'er his will, sublime,
Till his view discerns the longed-for goal
By the star of hope; hence, advice he scorns—
No lurking fear finds place in his soul—
Though well-beloved is each friend who warns:
Ah, his yearning gaze foresees the whole,
While friends are reft of a glimpse of light,
And a God-lent power his acts control,
Till he guides by the force of his ponderous might.

CANTO VI.

Dense the darkness were but now?
Sable-draped were midnight's brow.

On the scroll a magic change
Doth the pall of night derange.

Fiery prongs dart shades among;
Like to hideous demons, sprung

Forth from caves, with belching tones,
As if shaken by cyclones.

'T is the gauntlet flame begun ;
Lo! the transports boldly run,

Bearing forward human freight,
On which *destiny* doth wait.

Hour of terror now is o'er;
Baleful light is seen no more.

Ere long, morning's bright return
Seems the woes of night to spurn,

As from rose-hued fragrant mouth,
Balmy breath of "Sunny South,"

Seems the while to softly sigh,
And the proofs of war deny.

Sweet deception may not last
Soon illusion's charm were past

And the faded scroll betrays
Sudden glimpse of darksome days.

Soon "Port Gibson" comes to view,
To remind that *war is true*.

"Raymond" follows in its wake,
For the *cause* is still at stake.

"Jackson" hovers in the rear,
And its aspect, too, is drear.

When, at length, these battles fought,
Drive the enemy distraught,

"Champion's Hill," with lurid glare,
Adds its morsel of despair.

From "Black River" is the draught
Panic-stricken foe hath quaffed,

Ere the turn of fortune's wheel,
Causeth Federal troops to reel

Backward from the mighty crest
Stretching down to "Vicksburg's" breast.

Twice repelling at dear cost,
Fierce assaults which made and lost;

Yet, as awful preludes bring
To the foe a vital sting—

For they know no power may stay
Valor such as troops display,

Who have planted battle-flags
Riddled unto merest rags.

All along the rampart's edge,
As it were in final pledge

Of their fixed resolve to win,
If not now 'mid battle's din,

Later on;—their acts allege
They will conquer by a siege,

For they 've caught the spirit brave
Of the Hero's vow to save,

If in human power it lies,
The asundered Union ties.

And to this end, if need be
That the Nation may be free,

They will even fast or starve,
Rather than that history carve

Record of defeated cause,
And the blight to Freedom's laws.

Lo! the siege is now commenced,
And the enemy, entrenched,

Doth with sorrowing eyes behold
Federal force their strength unfold,

As its waning 'durance toils
In the "Anaconda" coils;

Till at length, in torpid state,
Luckless prey hath met its fate.

Vicksburg and its powers hath fell;
Hence, true gratitude doth well

From the hearts that gladly chant
Praises unto U. S. Grant.

CANTO VII.

The magic scroll is again transformed,
Now lucid is ærial space;
While seems by sunbeams to be warmed
Its scope which doth full much embrace,

Of earth and sky and craggy slope,
Which grandeur lends to the mountain ridge,
With which brave army soon will cope
And its dread power for e'er abridge.

The white tents gleam and the banners wave,
The drums and the bugles sound their notes;
Behold wan faces growing grave
As the martial music upward floats:

Which soon is deadened by the roar
Of cannon from the heights above,
Resounding ever, o'er and o'er,
Like ardent words from lips of love.

But, oh! what a contrast to the tones
That thrill the soul with a lingering joy,
The deep-mouthed cannon loudly groans,
And fraught are its echoes with alloy;

For it were fired by the zeal of hate
And a sense of the anguish it may bear,
While the voice of love doth strife abate,
And renders the earth an Eden fair.

Yet, oh, how grand is the bayonet's gleam,
And how magnificent martial tread
Of the troops as across the field they stream,
With a brave commander at their head.

He leads them onward toward the base
Of Lookout Mountain, ere the foe
May tenor of his purpose trace,
Or any thought of danger know.

Before they're fairly undeceived
Two hundred men have captured been;
Of duty, pickets are relieved
In manner they account a sin.

Night shrouds the earth in sable garb,
The noble Hero sits alone,
While in his breast he feels the barb
Which only honest hearts may own.

What of to-morrow, who shall say,
He *trusts*, yet keenly anxious is;
The brave are pledged to gain the day,
Yet all the weight of war is his.

Once more the light of morning breaks
With wondrous splendor o'er the scroll,
Its rays the weary soldier wakes
Assisted by the drum's long roll.

Ere long, the sun doth glint the air
Through which the bugles "Forward" rings,
And every man to do and dare
Resolves as onward now he springs.

Soon secondary ridge is gained,
And now, unto the foeman near,
The field ere long is crimson stained,
For mighty is the struggle here.

Seen in the distance now they move,
The troops, who chafed at long delay,
Full soon their valor they will prove,
Since under arms they've stood all day.

Alas, for the fate of the picket line,
Alas, for the rows of rifle pits,
The sun and the glitter of steel combine
To dazzle, till foemen lose their wits

And prostrate fall—extended prone
Beneath those bayonets at charge,
A thousand men, through fright alone,
Vast host of prisoners enlarge.

The valiant troops still onward press,
No halt is made to reform the line,
To scale the mountain, nothing less,
Will their thoughts to past delay resign.

The flaming torrent from above
They do not for an instant heed,
Behold, the strength of Country's love
Which makes them nothing loth to bleed.

Now, on and upward still they go,
First line and second of the works

Are past—their progress now is slow—
Yet, *not one* strength of purpose shirks.

Hand over hand they upward surge,
Despite the raging storm of fire,
Which doth each form in flame immerge,
As warranting ghastly funeral pyre.

But, now at length the top is gained,
They stand upon the blood red crest;
A glorious triumph they've attained,
And *satisfied*—soon sink to rest.

The people now their thanks proclaim,
And Congress with the world doth vie
In doing honor to his name,
By lifting him to station high.

CANTO VIII.

The scroll hath caught the glimmer
That streaks the early dawn
With saffron tints,
Whose vague, uncertain shimmer
Doth Orient surface fawn
With bossy glints.

A *wilderness* outstretches
Athwart the lightened scroll,
Of foliage dense,
Whose sylvan verdure etches,
With greenish bronze, the whole
Surroundings, whence

The smoke of battle issues,—
For tangled thicket-glen,
And stately pine,
Have blended well their tissues,
As sedge in heart of fen
Doth intertwine.

Lo! men are met in warfare,
As 't were with blinded view,
'Mid shades obscure;
Lit only by the fierce glare,
Whose fathoms do imbrue—
In blood full pure—

While *ag-o-ny* of darkness
The morning air pervades,
With stifling gloom;
Yet, are by no means markless
The glittering bayonet blades,
Whose thrust is *doom*.

In gory sweat men swelter,
Within the dismal wold,
Where *graves* are not;
There, 'neath the brush-wood shelter,
The bravest forms grow cold,
To be forgot.

For hours full many linger—
Quite conscious of their fate—
To pray, yet doubt,
That touch of gentle finger
May come, *however late*,
While life ekes out;

That mother's kiss may flutter
Above departing breath,
Or father's voice
Some soothing words may utter,
To take the "sting" from death,
Till soul rejoice;

That wife may murmur sweetly:
"Take comfort, I am here";
Then, if need be
That death must follow fleetly,
'T were well to die with cheer,
From suffering free.

That sister's tears may chasten
Each half-forgotten fault,
O'er dying bed;
Or brother's hand untasten
The door of kindred vault,
To view *dear dead*.

Adown the sun is sinking,
The dreary day is o'er;
The battle done;
The living sadly thinking
Upon the 'morrow's store—
No vict'ry won.

Again gray dawn appeareth;
Again the wondrous scroll
Warfare reveals.
Again the evening neareth;
Again heroic soul
Deep sorrow feels.

O, wilderness of peril !
O, forest of the dead !
Fade, if thou wilt;
Of grandeur thou art sterile.
Thy cruel heart is red
With brave blood spilt.

CANTO IX.

The scroll with deep carnation is imbued,
While o'er its surface carmine color wends
In wild meand'rings awful to behold.
Now, letters which 't would seem were trebly dyed
In human blood do swiftly course their way,
Unto the centre of the reddened scroll,
A moment more a name doth boldly stand
In high relief against its crimson face,
The name of Spottsylvania, and anon,
The carmine color is by scroll absorbed,
When troops, assembled quickly, do engage
In combat so terrific that its force
Would seem to paralyze the looker-on,
As hand-to-hand the furious foemen fight,
Till hours have swelled the dial to a day,
And night, as if in mercy, spreads her pall
O'er carnage which hath formed a vast array.

The lapse of time might well be reckoned small,
Ere such assault as other warrior none
Hath ever made, is fiercely brought to bear
At juncture when to fail seemed grievous wrong,
To those who have invested with high rank,
Thus proving strength of their explicit trust,
To fail were torture, yet no human power
The dread calamity could well avert,
Of double failure in the huge attempts

To storm the enemy's impervious works.
'Tis done ! Each failure takes a new resolve.
Once more a siege he doth determine on,
And to this end he sends for soldier brave
And yields to him responsible-command.
Shenandoah Valley in due time is cleared,
Forevermore, from presence of the foe;
While other soldier, likewise "tried and true,"
Hath won Atlanta as contested prize,
To be o'ercapped ere long by other name,
That of *Savannah* added to the list,
Of conquests he may rightly call his own.
Still, other warriors acteth well their part—
While "Rock of Chickamagua" stands as firm,
As did the noble chieftain who expired
Amid the thunder of the war clouds cleft
In twain by lightning of Atlanta's 'fray.
The battle of Five Forks is fought and won,
And Petersburg, as well, hath come and gone,
Before the changeful surface of the scroll,
Which was but now like to a sheet of flame
Reflecting all the woe of Richmond's fall.
Now in chimeric fashion it doth fade
And disappear before his mortal sight.
Swift turn his thoughts to yonder cottage now:
Behold, the dying hero with thin hands
Outstretched toward heaven, as he speaketh thus:
"*I go to dwell within my Father's house—
Raise up another in your time of need.*"

The dark-browed man hath risen to his feet
And sauntered forth into the shades of night.

ROCK OF AGES.

The Rabbi for the Hero's soul doth Pray;
The Freedman in his sorrow doth Exclaim;
The Patriot doth his deeds extol for Aye;
The vanquished right to bear the bier doth Claim;
And doubly bowed with grief are heads of Eld;
E'en heart of stone this hour must needs unlock;
Lo! note the tracing on the riven rock,
Cleft but the hearts of men to firmer weld.
The hand that holds the rod doth loudly knock:
Behold ! the "living waters" from the rock
Gush forth, the thirst for strife to slake and cease;
"Drink, O my people, drink, and be at PEACE."

REQUIEM.

Drum, drum, drum, how the heart of the Nation throbs;
Thrum, thrum, thrum, how the voice of the Nation sobs!

Tears, tears, tears, like a flood of rain they fall;
Years, years, years, will the mighty flood recall!

Crape, crape, crape, how potent now its name;
Drape, drape, drape, sad memory with the same!

Tread, tread, tread, with a reverent step and slow;
Dead, dead, dead, is the word now murmured low!

Grant, Grant, Grant, whose deeds the wide world knows;
Chant, chant, chant, a hymn for his repose!

Grieve, grieve, grieve, as every heart *must* do;
Leave, leave, leave, to God the soul so true!

Boom, boom, boom, how the cannon thunders o'er
Tomb, tomb, tomb, of our Hero gone before!

Deep, deep, deep, is the mystery of the grave;
Sleep, sleep, sleep, the calm sleep of the brave!

Time, time, time, will render quaint and blest;
Chime, chime, chime, for the great, now laid to rest.

THE LAST TRIBUTE.

The day wore slowly on, and I, full weary,
Was prone to rest my head upon my hand;
For thoughts depressive made the hour seem dreary.
Soon balmy dreamland was at my command.

In my fair native State, I thought I lingered
Anear a vast assemblage—yet apart;
The while a laurel-wreath I deftly fingered,
An humble tribute from a grieving heart.

I would not that the throng should gaze upon me—
The great had done their part, and done it well—
Alone with God and Nature I would fain be,
To add my mite; yet why I could not tell.

The solemn rites were o'er, and still they tarried,
Loth, every one, to leave the pensive scene;
But for their presence I had gently carried
And *placed* the now completed wreath of green.

Instead, I crouched me down among the shadows;
For, coming twilight lent a duskish sheen,
And welcome was the sombre tier of hedgerows
Which formed for me a fitting lattice screen.

Full patiently I waited, yet in sadness,
For, as the shadows dense and deeper grew,
I almost wondered if it were not madness
That twined the wreath, now damp with evening dew.

Ah, no! "*a loyal heart!*" I answered slowly,
"And willing hand!" 'T were meet, and it shall be.
GRANT—world-renowned—did not ignore the lowly;
'T were just a wayside flower, this act from me.

And now, at length, the throng grew less in number;
I, ever wary, still my vigil kept,
Till 'bove the bier of him in endless slumber
The last unbidden world's-tear had been wept.

An undefined yet half-expectant tremor
Possessed my frame and held me there, spell-bound;
As by eclipse, the wreath grew dim and dimmer,
And still I crouched, in silence, near the ground.

I longed to place the late but heartfelt token,
As by some mystic power I was deterred;
I rather felt than saw the wreath had broken,
While but the subtlest breath of air had stirred.

A deep-drawn sigh oppressed my heaving bosom,
My parted lips encouraged its escape;
'T were quenched, for now I saw a yawning chasm,
Deep, armor-lined, yet like a sword in shape.

'T were spanned across by girdled rope of laurel,
'Mid which a wealth of precious gems did gleam;
The air above reflected tint of coral,
On cherub forms with which it now did teem.

At hilt of sword, a huge, bald-headed eagle,
Surveyed the scene with calm but piercing eye,
As if his presence made proceedings legal,
He, "stationed guard on duty," posed "hard by."

And now a stately form approached the chasm,
Just opposite the spot of GRANT's repose,
While o'er his pallid face of pain a spasm
Did all the anguish of his soul disclose.

He, too, respect would pay the brave departed,
For in *his* hand a *beauteous* wreath he held.
In eyes of wondrous eloquence tears started.
To cross the chasm he would be compelled.

He gazed aloft toward hallowed throne of Heaven,
And seemed to breathe a silent, soul-fraught prayer,
As if celestial courage had been given,
To cross the sword he did at once prepare.

He bared his head, he drew full close his mantle—
Or mourning garb 'round his majestic form—
And then with tread both firm and reverential,
He walked the rope whence issued colors warm.

For, at each step, the sparkling gems emitted
Bright rainbow tints, the fresh green leaves, anon,
Glowed 'till 'twould seem that heaven in truth had pitied,
And lent its arch for him to tread upon.

Yet not by this light only, was he guided ;
By far more lustrous was the single star
Which "better part of valor" had decided
Must set forever at the close of war.

Long years it smouldered 'neath the scourge of battle.
For time its brightness had been dimmed by gore;
The dust and ashes clung as clingeth tattle,
Which hath the power to probe anew a sore.

The impress of its flinty, crimson setting,
Left scar and stain 'twere hard to cleanse away,
Save by the tears suffused with heaven's wetting—
That fine immortal mist supplied to-day.

It fell—it did its work as swift and surely
As doth the lightning smite the mighty oak—
The star shone forth in radiance as purely
As shineth infant eyes but freshly woke.

As night drew on, instead of losing lustre,
Its brilliant rays so rapidly increased,
That marvelous halos of light did cluster
Round hand of one ere he his task had ceased.

He twined and wove the laurel sprays together,
Until such wreath as ne'er before were seen—
Designed, 'twould seem, the fiercest storms to weather—
Were wrought ! At front he set the star between,

The glossy mass of leaves time may not wither ;
And then at eventide, as I have told,
He bore that radiant wreath and journeyed hither
To sepulchre of GRANT ; and now behold !

The star illumines all his onward pathway—
“ A flaming sword ” the chasm's brink doth gird,
And white the eagle's plumage turned, as surf spray,
To know e'en glance of fear hath aged the bird.

The form advanced, and ere long, safely over
The sword-like chasm, lo ! forthwith it closed ;
Fresh broken sod formed velvet sheath to cover,
Yet still were hilt and eagle left exposed.

He knelt at foot of tomb, then softly sighing,
He pressed his lips unto the peerless star.
A moment more the wreath ablaze was lying
With matchless light, whose glory spread afar.

It beautified the wealth of flowery symbols,
It softened snowy pillow at the head,
It changed the tone of crape-bound harp and timbrels,
Which erst had softly echoed, "GRANT is dead."

"GRANT LIVETH," rose in blue light all snow pelted—
For violets were with stephanotis starred;
The Nation's "bleeding heart" was quickly melted,
Its generous flow soon snowy pillow barred,

With stripes of red, so rich, so fresh, so fragrant,
It seemed to me that Paradise were nigh;
From star—bright line of light, yet not too fragrant,
Shot upward, hoisting Freedom's Flag on high.

And as it waved, the eagle flapped white pinion,
Ere hovering for a moment o'er the head
Of him who seemed to have supreme dominion
O'er these unique obsequies of the dead.

Then, swooping low, the bald and silvered eagle,
Amid white light which now was waxing soft,
Fulfilled his mission in a way most regal:
He snatched the wreath and with it soared aloft.

Above the magic formed "Star Spangled Banner,"
O'er golden staff upon "Red, White and Blue,"
He flung the gorgeous wreath in royal manner,
Then from the scene of action slowly flew.

The wreath becomes a crown of wondrous brightness,
The star a sapphire of the purest ray,
The furling flag a winding sheet of whiteness,
The hilt of sword, a stone just rolled away.

And now, behold the crowning scene of glory !
The Patriot Chieftain "to his colors true,"
Waved *thrice* his hand toward the eagle hoary,
As round his form the faded flag he drew;

While on his brow the crown he then made firmer,
His lips were moving, I could plainly see ;
I strained my ear to catch the tender murmur—
'T was but a single word—the name of LEE.

Lo, thereupon, the armor with one volley,
Discharged within the chasm's hollow womb;
The light o'erpowered ! for me it would be folly
To try to paint the scene above the tomb.

I only know at very verge of Heaven,
"The Father of his Country" did appear,
With martyrs twain—to each of whom 'twere given
To shed a soul-bedewed immortal tear.

The smoke of battle once for all had vanished—
In lieu thereof behold white, fleecy clouds,
Whose wondrous texture every shadow banished
And paled the air—like ghosts in filmy shrouds.

I turned my head to note once more the donor,
Of wreath and star, anon transformed to crown,
By heaven's decree, illustrious brow to honor !
I sought for him who wore the sable gown.

In vain my search; yet no word dare I utter,
The weight of silence mute influence brings;
Yet, even now I think I hear the flutter
Of rustling garments, like to angel wings.

If it be he, rejoining the Immortal,
Seraphic host, for which my soul doth pine,
O, may we meet at Heaven's pearly portal,
Or near the Everlasting Throne Divine,

As if by some strong shock or fell misgiving,
My trembling heart now gave one mighty bound;
I 'woke to find myself among the living,
Devoid of power my strange dream to expound.

Yet will I trust, 't were not of need quite sterile,
To me its mem'ry shall be ever dear,
But precious as a monument of beryl,
Hath it the power to stay "A WIDOW'S TEAR."

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

Why stand ye there disconsolate and glum?
Doth it behoove that Nature's noblemen
Shall waste one trice of time in vain regret?
And would ye brand the epoch whence the years
That Time shall name "an age" were given birth,
By actions rife with glaring malcontent—
By lowering brows and mutterings morose—
To render callow, in the fullest sense,
The motto that "IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH?"
Wouldst lend yourselves unwittingly to mock
The precepts which erewhile ye have instilled
In verdant minds? Wouldst recklessly corrode,
Ere harvest time, the wholesome vintage fruits—
Fair products of good seed most nobly sown?
Nay, nay! 'T were but a passing blindness; yet
'T were fitting that "the silent man" should speak.
Know, then, that he, now passed beyond the strife—
The narrowness of earth's entire expanse—
Who views with faultless sight that mundane orb
Whose "beam" describes an ever-present "mote."
Know that with vision clear as crystal jet—
Far reaching—he, compassionate of soul,
Yearns tenderly to draw aside the veil;
That earth's loved comrades share effulgent light;
Late friends and brothers—heirs of holy bond,
Whose golden links of need are stronger far
Than any our staunch friendships e'er did weld.

In that ye all to me are closer drawn;
While I, at peace, and evermore unscathed
By twaddling censure in the mouths of men;
Free from the cruel lash of cold distrust,
Nor longer harrowed by vicissitudes
Which stalk unchallenged in the wake of all,
Like wary spectres, biding well the time
When hey-day prime is past,—suspicions fled
That it be their design to overtake.
Then, with swift, stealthy stride, as is their wont,
They gain the vantage ground and boldly flaunt
Their colors—though, in truth, they conquer not;
While honest friends in blank amazement gaze
On the proceedings till, half paralyzed,
They fail to act as quickly as they would,
And powerless grow, however “tried and true”;
Till, later on, they rally, and in time
Lay bare the case, and facts investigate.
Such mode were human—nothing more or less—
And likewise were it human to regret
That one should be “caught napping at his post,”
Though that one prove to be one’s better self!
Yet are regrets as base purloining thieves,
Whose purpose, sinister, is but to sap
The healthful juices from the buoyant heart,
And dredge the remnant with their own foul bane.
Now, hearken well, I know whereof I speak,
And speaking as one lately passed beyond
The horizon that frames the mode of men:
I would diffuse tranquility’s rare balm,
And something of pure sentiment impart.
What doth it signify, where mortal dust,

From which my soul hath parted company,
Shall dwindle till no atom there remains,
So that my bones be not contention's prey?
And to yourselves, what doth it matter, save
As trophy of that gloating rivalry
Which doth inflate the willing hearts of men
On such occasions, till becomes a farce,
Or misnomer, the effort they construe
As most respectful to the prior cause?
For e'en as nacre may be smeared and dimmed
By dross of barnacle or calcium blur:
So, motives, once as pure as jasper rays,
If fostered by the reek of envy's slum,
May not conceal the parasitic blight;
That gross exchange for that which of itself
Had chastely thriven till its envoy sparks
Did glitter richly in the noonday sun,
When, lo! the motive pure and self-sustained,
Had towered resplendent with prismatic light.
If ye would rear a monument, so strong
That no power known to man may e'er detract
One whit from solid base or lofty spire,
Whose polished column—nay, whose burnished shaft
The vaulted dome of heaven will not shame
By contrast, but whose canopy will grace
Its capital, which, looming 'gainst the sky,
With breathe forth language eloquent as mute,
At roseal dawn of morn, at prime of noon,
At amber sunset and at verge of eve,
At twilight vespers, when the tim'rous stars,
Like bashful messengers, in tufts appear,
At night, when purple shadows fade before

The radiant imprint of the moon's ripe kiss,
At glowering midnight, from whose visage grim
Those love-fraught beams in turn do shrink and wane,
At all hours, seasons, and through all extremes,
A language that will penetrate its way,
Like the aroma from ambrosial beds
When press the feet of Archangels upon
Their marv'lous wealth of amaranthine blooms:
A mute oration, whose sage paragraphs,
The op'ning calyxes of spring-time flowers,
The azure tint of summer, and the rain
That patters softly on the autumn leaves,
The Indian-summer haze which blandly waits
To usher in, betimes, the crisp hoar frost,
The whited drifts of winter, and the snow,
Whose gleam perennial pales the mountain peaks:
All will in turn appear to have TRANSCRIBED!
And like a silver bell, whose ring is heard
By sense acute ere its clear notes peal forth;
So discourse dumb may still be so replete
With ornate utterance, albeit restrained,
That mind, susceptible to import grand,
Doth memorize what it hath SEEMED to say,
And, echoing down the ages, wisdom's words
Doth thus renew their elsewhere flagging power,
Till on the oriflamme, whose scroll-ed verge
Do quaintly span the zenith, is inscribed
A glorious MORAL, which shall live for aye.
If ye would carve a record that will last
Till mountains shall be moved and seas consumed,
Bear ye no malice 'gainst your fellow-men;
And if your purpose be to honor me,

Or yet my mem'ry, for my deeds on earth,
I do beseech, ye act with one accord;
For I am bound to none, save through the love
Which renders me commiserate toward all;
Nor would I have withheld a farthing which
Doth represent a secret wish to give;
"The widow's mite," the stripling's hoarded store,
The dimpled lassie's pence, and youth's proud sum
Should have a place beneath the corner-stone.
For I am of the people, e'en as dew,
Which freshens drooping plants, is of the clouds,
And ye shall note my pleasure and my thanks
Shine forth in gratitude from smiling sky,
From flower-clad hills and mossy woodland haunts,
From placid lake, from shimmering olive bough,
And from the white-capped billows, which delight
To stud with countless gems their lofty crests;
Then, with a voice of thunder, signal give
That all their treasure is to be received
By Goddess fair; when lo! that a-ged dame,
Known by repute as worthy Mother Earth,
Doth smooth her spacious lap and meekly wait
The shower of moistened gems, which place have had
In helmet lately vanished from the sight,
All the bright visions which your eyes behold,
From time to time, when turn your thoughts to me,
Shall be imbued with pleasure of my soul;
Nor shall ye fail to hear the words, "well done."









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